1:Sanders Z-514 (1952-1959) 1962 EH1 Greece EH1
Vlachs EH15
Sarakatsani EH14

health. A third effect is that agriculture is almost impossible and is in consequence despised. Finally, home comforts must be portable. That is why an abundance of rugs, blankets, carpets, and cushions seen in these migrations is a sign of wealth.

But what of the Sarakatsani, the Greek-speaking group? [10] Already on a recent drive between Thebes, Lamia, and Volos, cities in Boeotia and Thessaly, I had looked down from the winding mountain roads into their small winter settlements of conical reed huts and circular reed sheepfolds. As we had passed we found the men and boys with their flocks not far from the road. We stopped to pass the time of day.

"How is the pasture this year?"

"Not very good" was the cautious reply.

"Are you Koutso-Vlachs or Sarakatsani?"

"We are Sarakatsani, but we also are Greeks."

Nearer Volos we found that the Sarakatsani, who originally had their huts just on the outskirts of the village, had settled down, building permanent homes. It was a striking contrast to see the reed hut a few feet away from the square mud-brick and mud-plaster house and to know that in case the family got too large some of the members would retire to the old hut and get along very well.

It was in Kalpaki, however, a settlement beyond Ioannina toward the Albanian border, at the edge of the Iron Curtain, that we enjoyed true Sarakatsani hospitality. Actually a Greek peasant village, its members had been increased by the forty Sarakatsani families settling there since the war, primarily to take advantage of the land left untilled by people moving away from disturbed frontier conditions. These forty families really had another village, Kato-Pethini, one-and-a-half-hours walking distance farther up the mountains, where they had their stone houses — something exceptional for those supposed to be Skenites (tent dwellers). Since they were working the fields around Kalpaki, it was here they now lived all the year around, apparently content with their reed houses, most of which followed a rectangular pattern rather than the more common circular shape. The women handled most of the agricultural tasks, but the men went back to the old Kato-Pethini with the flocks and returned to Kalpaki every ten or fifteen days for a change of clothing and a bath. Konstantin, a twenty-two-year-old youth whom we found grazing his sheep around the edges of the cultivated Kalpaki fields, had come down below with his flock for that purpose.

He invited us into the hut to meet his mother and sisters. We first entered the anteroom of the simple reed structure, from which chickens flew out as we came in. There we saw the woolly puppies that would grow up to be the menacing sheep dogs so necessary for the shepherd when alone with his flock. There also was the inevitable water barrel and near the cooking hearth the *ghastra*, the dome-shaped cover that is like a dutch oven. We

1:Sanders Z-5,4 (1952-1959) 1962 EH1 Greece
Sara Katsani EH14

We

35 saw the framework of poles, supporting the walls and roof of reeds, blackened from the smoke since there was neither chimney nor smoke hole in the roof.

The partition separating the entrance room from the main room was smoothed with clay stucco over the reeds. The total movable earthly possessions of these people were either in these two small rooms or in the form of the sheep pasturing outside. We noted the mattresses on the pounded earth floor, a pile of dowry blankets in one corner, another hearth, a small kerosene lamp hanging on a post over the single bed, two windows about a foot square covered with chicken wire, a hanging shelf from which Konstantin's gentle twenty-year-old sister got a sweet liqueur (*mastica*), *loukoumi* (Turkish delight), and ouzo to serve to us. The flour was kept in a sack in a corner. The family living in this hut consisted of the widowed mother, two unmarried daughters, and two unmarried sons. There were three more married daughters, who were of course no longer in their parental home.

"The poorer the family, the more children you find; the richer the family, the fewer the children," said the mother. In an aside to me, Konstantin added, "For producing children is the only recreation of the poor." "But I understood," I said, "that shepherd families like to have lots of children to help with their flocks." Western influence was already making itself felt, for the mother said, "No, every child is just another mouth to feed." The look of fatigue on the faces of these people — the look of age on the pale twenty-year-old — showed that they had gone through more than their share of unrest and tribulation. Even their bodily movements, slower and listless compared to, say, the Valtetsi shepherds', reflected the strain of being in a border or frontier area where part of the enemy strategy seems to be to make the inhabitants feel so insecure that they will abandon their fields, just as the previous owners had done.

But these worn and weary frontier Sarakatsani have a saving sense of humor. When I was asking about the differences in the shapes of the huts used as dwellings and those used for animals, one of the unmarried daughters who was serving us refreshments said with a smile of pure fun lighting up her pallid face, "Oh, we only use different kinds of tile to distinguish where we live and where the animals live." Everybody laughed at this ridiculous reference to nonexistent tile roofs.

Here again I tried to learn how the Sarakatsani viewed themselves in relationship to the other nomadic groups. They assured us that they never married with the Karagouni or the Albanian-speaking Greek Vlachs. "Why not?" we asked. "Isn't the work of their women the same as yours?" "Most definitely not," affirmed the mother. "The Karagouni women don't know anything except pasturing the sheep and twisting their spindle. But we Sarakatsani women can work on the loom, work in the fields, and also if necessary care for the flocks."